

# THE ARIEL.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published every other Saturday, by ELLWOOD WALTER, No. 71, Market-street, Philadelphia, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance.—  
All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to E. Walter.

VOL. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1827.

NO. 4.

## RESIDENCE OF MR. RAPP,

NEW-HARMONY, INDIANA.

The engraving which accompanies this number of the ARIEL, is a representation of Mr. Rapp's house, at New-Harmony, Indiana. Mr. Rapp is known as the founder of this once flourishing settlement, by whose industry and economy the wilderness was in a few years converted into a smiling settlement, alive with an enterprising and wealthy community. The establishment was purchased a few years since, by Mr. OWEN, of scheming celebrity, for a large sum of money, and the character of the place, its habits, and its prospects, immediately changed. This building was the residence of Mr. Owen, and is considered, by those who have visited New-Harmony, to be an accurate representation.

The experiment, however, upon which the eyes of Americans had been turned with much interest, and the object of which was to prove that all mankind are wrong, and that Mr. Owen alone was right, has failed completely. The settlement is nearly, if not quite broken up, and Mr. O. is on the eve of embarking for Europe, in utter despair of ever being able to perfect his utopian system, because the materials which America afforded were too various and discordant for his purpose.

## SELECT TALES.

### THE BINNACLE.

The following narrative is from the lips of a seaman, as related on board of a vessel upon the Atlantic, when indications of a storm were upon the heavens, similar to those disclosed in the tale. To transplant it, from the scenes and circumstances of its delivery, detracts much from its effect. The scenery adds to the play, and both are dependent for their interesting qualities upon the state of the listener's mind. Let him who has but a single touch of romance in his composition, imagine himself on the relentless deep, away from all that he holds dear, subjected to the dominion of wind and wave, and passing a vacant hour among the sailors on the fore-castle, listening to their wild tales of storm and death, and he may then have a faint idea of that mute attention which was bestowed upon this simple story. The author pretends to no other credit than that which is due to a mere translator.

"A light in the binnacle." This order was given in that peremptory manner, which shows that a man is either ill at ease with himself, or with those peculiar circumstances in which he is then involved. He, from whose lips this order came, knew not but that it might be deemed unmanly in him to begin, at that moment, to guard against the worst. The topmast had been struck, the rigging coiled away in the most seamanlike style, and the sun had now sunk beneath a chaos of pillory clouds, leaving scarce a star, as a sentinel to watch over the dreary waste of waters. Yet to the inexperienced eye, there was nothing to warrant any preparation against an approaching tempest. A summer evening breeze gently filled the reefed foresail, and the helmsman was warbling snatches of sea songs, intermingled with sundry and diverse musical caricatures of Auld Lang Syne.

But the captain and mate were observed to converse together in low tones, and often to look at the rigging, and to cast stolen glances

towards the sky, which was then dying every object with a fearful crimson. The expiring sunlight, as it fell upon the face of Captain Sears, gave in deep outline, one of those expressive countenances, which are frequently found among the seamen of New-England, and one could almost trace the marks of the storm on his weather-beaten visage. On board of his ship he was a perfect autocrat; but in the bosom of his family, or in the social circle, he was the unaffected, amiable sailor, pretending to nothing in art or science higher than the truck, or deeper than the keel of his own vessel.—There was a beam in his eye, at the moment of which we have been speaking, allied to both of these qualities—a note of preparation seemed to ring from his strong nerves, while a stoicism, as to the result, might have been drawn from his open and fearless countenance. The sailors followed with their eyes the direction of his looks and gestures, and with sedulous haste obeyed his orders, as given through the medium of the mates.

A gradual increase of the breeze was noticed, and the hesitation of the commander seemed changed from doubt to certainty. He turned to a young man near him, and said, in an under tone, "do you mark that yonder glim has shut in, that those clouds are condensed, and do you see that feathery maze approaching us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, upon our weather bow?"

"And what then?" was the reply.

"What then?—you do not pretend to be ignorant that an equinoctial gale will be likely to give us a wet birth for supper—or that it is now coming on as though the very devil directed it? Come, Monsieur Melancholy, give us a specimen of your manhood—you are aware that my jack tars will stand by me as long as a spike holds; yet they love your jackknife better than my whole carcass—cheer up, give bad luck to the winds, help us to port, and who knows but happiness may await you."

"I would rather," soliloquised the young man, "be gasping in those dark waters, which are now rising in anger around me, and grope my way into those still coral caverns, which are yawning beneath me. Was I not born to a fortune, and have I not endured penury? Were not these hands once soft with luxury, and are they not now hardened by toil? Did I not love thee, Mary, and wert not thou, my bed of bliss, blighted by misfortune? Art thou not the bride of another? Why is it, that, heartless myself, others attach themselves to me, merely to be drawn into that vortex of ruin, which mine own going down has created? A home under these troubled waves, were better than to live a thing without a hope, under a seeming fair sky of peace, when the fiery demon of despair is burning all within me. Yet these poor fellows love me—they love life—I must save them."

He started from his musing posture, and it was as if lightning had flashed across the decks. The cry was, "Frederick sees danger, and we must do our utmost." The foresail was handed, a balance reefed, storm staysail placed in its stead; he was on the maintop, bowsprit, and in every part of the ship almost at the same instant. The excitement was such that an indifferent observer would have thought that all was

in sport—that a visitor was coming, or a merry-making on foot. The captain and mate seemed to have delegated their authority, and Frederick the moving cause of all which followed. An instant of stillness occurred after all was done, when Frederick walked leisurely up to the captain, and putting off all restraint, grasped his hand, and in the lofty tone of despair, urged him to state when (if ever) he should see his Mary; that she was the last object upon which his earthly thoughts had rested. The pressure was warmly returned with the reply—

"We have too long (duty to the contrary notwithstanding) kept ourselves as strangers; should I not survive, you will find that I have remembered you. But I must attend to my duties. Assist me—look at yon mist, created by the storm, as it takes off the tops of the sea.—Farewell."

Frederick repaired to his station, and viewed calmly the tornado as it came on. Then were the unearthly sounds of contest heard, as the winds and waters met in their flight; the frightened sea-bird, as she fled from the mad onset, was heard screaming in the distance; the saddened look of the sailor, as he watched the approach of the elementary army, betokened thoughts of his far home and fire-side—all seemed like that instant, when the victim's neck is ready, and before the fatal axe falls. Yet Frederick cast but a glance at the mast, and again settled into a reverie, as an indifferent spectator of the work of the Almighty.

The first shock careened the ship almost to a level with the sea—she then went majestically onward, triumphing over the waters like a warrior in the pride of victory. But onward and more furious came the foes. Brace after brace snapped—sea after sea swept the decks, as if sea and air were contending for the prize. The cheering shouts of Frederick rose amid the roar and crash of elements, until one wave, more violent than the rest, tore the captain from the deck, and he was seen amid the froth, struggling in the agonies of death. There was a wild shriek which burst from the crew, as the ship settled under its burthen of waters, and she arose from the blow, not a particle of rigging was standing—the masts were over the side, and the decks swept as clearly as though some tremendous machine had at one onset, severed each timber and stanchel. The mate looked fearfully to the situation of the captain, and then turned his eye toward the place where Frederick had stood. In a moment he saw the latter buffeting his way toward the former, having in his hand the topgallant yard, and apparently swimming from the vessel. Two seas more brought the captain on deck, nearly exhausted, who murmured "Frederick," and became insensible.

The gale died away by degrees, though the swell of the sea still continued, and the next morning dawned upon a mastless bark, which lay in her inefficiency upon the billows, with spars floating all around her. A disabled ship, with but a bare foremast standing, was seen caprioling upon the waves astern, and the elements were gradually and slowly subsiding.

Captain Sears' feelings were so goaded that he was almost driven mad, when he recollected that his young companion had sacrificed him-

self upon the altar of romantic friendship. The last words which he heard from Frederick's lips, while they were on the waves together, were continually ringing in his ears, "you have competence and domestic attachments—I have neither—take this and be saved."

Jurymasts were raised, repairs made, the sailors lamented the fate of their beloved comrade, and, at last, their destined port was reached in safety.

I cannot describe Mary. It is well known that a coincidence exists between man's life and the seas and winds—upon the ocean, in one latitude, the breath of heaven stirs not its face "too roughly,"—in another, there are the demons of destruction raging in their fiercest mood. With man it is thus—to-day his course is that of the placid river—to-morrow, what once was peace, is thrown into commotion, and the original beauty is changed. On the evening of the shipwreck, Mary was strolling in uneasy listlessness upon the margin of the sea, entirely unconscious that every part of it was not as quiet as that which met her gaze. I cannot describe Mary, as I have said; but she was one who seemed born to cheer, and not to sadden—there was a jousness in her dark eye, yet sorrow dwelt around her lip. It was not that her ringlets were glossy—not that her cheeks wore the hue of health; I have seen many such, and forgotten them; but it was the combination of all her features, set off by a lovely form, which interested as a whole, and which, once seen, would have been held up, not as a standard of beauty, but as a prototype of a being by whom man would wish to be beloved. Her thoughts were upon the sea—upon one ship which was daily expected.

The moon was then shining upon the white tops of the bounding wave; the distant cloud just blushed the edge of the horizon with the damask tinge of lightning, and the mild wind, as it threw back her raven hair, blew auspiciously for the return of Frederick. I will not say but that she more than once thought of an event which might follow. She coursed the winding shore, stopped to view a piece of the wreck of some ship, which had just floated on shore, burst into tears, and went home to weep over the dangers of the sea. There is a loveliness in the grief of a beautiful woman, which interests deeply, although we know not the cause of her sorrow; it is not allied to love, when we behold it, but it constrains us to vow that we will achieve impossibilities to remove it. Mary had a lively, but a sensitive affection, and that piece of perhaps antiquated wreck, which she beheld, was the harbinger of destruction to her dearest hopes. Association, with its shadowy forms, will sometimes daunt the mind more effectually, than when reality presents to one the tangible forms of human woe. It was thus with Mary; a decayed piece of wrecked ship, which had long since been covered by the deep, awoke terrors for the fate of her lover, which were not the less severe because they were the work of her imagination.

A few years passed by, when the commander, who had not forgotten the perils of that night which have been faintly described, called together, at an inn, the crew who were his companions in the fearful scene. He sat at the head of the table, a true picture of the open-hearted, generous seaman; with his mate on his right, and his hardy tars around him. He seemed sad, as if some associations connected with former years, had brushed a dark wing across his memory. The careless jokes of his unthinking companions awoke no smile upon his lips. He had discharged his solemn errand from Frederick to Mary, who, even now, was exclusively devoted to the memory of her first and only love. The death of her interested suitor, pre-

vious to the binding of the fatal knot, had absolved her from the necessity of obeying her parents. She was alone, "a mere waif upon the world's wide common," the mistress of a fortune bequeathed her by her lately deceased parents, and though in the bloom of youth and beauty, was anxious to join, in the world of spirits, that one who in death could not forget her. The recollection of these things weighed down the spirits of the captain, and the shade of Frederick seemed to upbraid him for the present apparent festivity. Twice had he left the table, with his hand upon his brow, and walked across the long room of their entertainment. He gazed from the window, and the moon looked down in her effulgence upon the frost, as it spangled the meadow and glittered upon the trees; in the distance, the rude sea gamboled in its frolic; the lighthouse twinkled on the beetling bluff, and his own ship rode majestically at her moorings. The tear stole down his bronzed cheek, as he thought of his young friend, and a reverie of painful reminiscences was fast coming over him, when duty, the seaman's watch-word, recalled him to a sense of his situation, and with an effort he returned to his seat, and filled a bumper "to the memory of Frederick." They all rose, and a trembling in the hand, and a quiver of the lip could be seen among them, as the cup was slowly raised to drink an almost sacred toast. They were scarcely seated, before the door opened, and a sailor, in a neat, yet coarse dress, accompanied by a cabin boy, apparently about eighteen years of age, came in, and the sailor, without ceremony, took a seat at the foot of the table, still keeping on his shining tarpaulin, while the cabin boy stood behind his chair. The captain seemed to think this an unwarrantable intrusion, and in his gruffest tone observed, "ship-mate, you bear down upon us without showing colors; come, give us a toast, to ascertain whether you are not a pirate; as for your Bobo-lincoin, yonder, he appears to be in a dead calm; send him round under my lee." The cabin boy went behind the captain, the can was filled, and all were in readiness for the stranger's toast. "I will give you," said he, "A light in the binnacle!"

The scene was picturesque. The captain dropped his glass, and leaned forward with a superstitious earnestness in his gaze. The sailors looked alternately from the captain to the concealed countenance of the stranger. "By —, I see his cloven foot," quoth an Irishman, as he peeped under the table: a sound box, well applied to the ear of the captain, from the pretended cabin boy, and a loud laugh from the stranger, revealed Frederick and Mary to the astonished listeners. The binnacle, and the ship astern, had saved Frederick on the night of the storm; fortune had favored him with riches; he had returned, the master of a noble ship, that very evening; Mary had welcomed him with rapture, and their little plot of surprise, to captain Sears and his crew, had been carried into happy effect.

Mary suffered for her bravery in masquerading, by a loud smack from the captain, before she effected her escape. Frederick was doomed to pay the whole of the reckoning; and every sailor, together with captain Sears, received an invitation to the wedding, which was held in jovial style, at a seat adjoining the captain's, which Frederick had purchased with the fruits of his first voyage.

#### THE SILENCE OF THE FAIR.

Numa, amongst other laws, made severe ones against the prattle of the ladies, whom he prohibited from speaking, but in the presence of their husbands. It is also recorded of the learned Madam Dacier, that she wrote in the Album of a Greek traveller, a verse from Sophocles,

as an apology for her unwillingness to place herself among his learned friends, that

"Silence is the female ornament."

It is indeed an ornament expressive of modesty at times—but, ornaments are not to be used at all times. What is more graceful, or even forcible, than good sense, from the lips of an intelligent female?

#### SPIRIT OF MELANCHOLY.

'Tis not alone in the pathless wood,  
By the side of my sister Solitude,  
That I shade the wings of the fleeting hours,  
And stamp the leaves of departing flowers,  
Nor do I form my shadowy throne  
Of the wild wreath'd temp. st-cloud alone;  
Nor dwell on rocks by the lone sea-shore,  
Sooth'd by the bursing billow's roar—  
Nor, like the bold-wing'd bird of Jove  
Do I build my home the clouds above—  
But I visit scenes where the hand of pride  
Has adorn'd the field or fountain-side,  
Hath tam'd the once wild and tangled wood,  
And banish'd my sister Solitude.

I am found where the humming-bird waves his wings,  
And in green wood shades where the lone thrush sings,

While many a heart, in the festal hour,  
In vain would shun me in hall or bower;  
My power is shown in the pensive eye  
When it shines in tears, like an April sky,  
And in lips which murmur when none is near  
Those silvery tones of love to hear,  
As by whispering brook the maiden roves,  
Ere she knows the heart of him she loves.

I visit e'en Fancy's brightest dream,  
Like a wither'd leaf on the sunny stream,  
Which tells in Nature's language clear,  
That decay is ever her glories near.  
I am seen in the first faint hue which shews  
Pale on the breast of the crimson rose,  
The first sad promise of swift decay,  
A frown amidst the smiles of May;  
I fire the eye, and I stamp the bloom  
Which haunt consumption to the tomb—  
And deeply felt is my wizard spell,  
Where the dead in their narrow mansions dwell,  
Whose marble urns seem cold and pale,  
As the spirit-deserted shrines they veil,  
When the wind-stirr'd leaves of the willows seem  
Like glittering waves in the full moon's beam,  
And steals o'er the bosom a deep regret  
For the stars of Love and of Beauty set,  
For those rays of mind which beam here no more,  
But reflect new light on a holier shore.

My voice in Spring was the northern blast,  
Whose blighting breath o'er the blossoms past,  
And I rule, with silence, the vale and mead,  
'Till the love-taught lays of birds succeed,  
'Till flowers burst forth, and the wild bees roam  
To the nectar feast from their wintry home.  
In Summer my softer voice you hear  
In the whispering sound of some fountain clear,  
As it gushes bright from the rocks above,  
Pure as the young heart's dream of Love!  
But trace that current down the vale  
And there read Passion's gloomy tale,  
For mingled waters darkly flow,  
Like Love whose blessings turn to woe.

Brown Autumn hears the boding tale  
I whisper in his rising gale,  
When it whirls in eddies the light brown leaves,  
And o'er their blight and departure grieves,  
Oft-times o'er ocean hangs a cloud  
Prophetic of the seaman's shroud,  
When the wind upholds the vessel's wings,  
And o'er her deck the wild spray flings,  
'Tis then, on wing of the Albatross,  
I skim the troubled waves across,  
And herald the storm which sweeps in wrath  
And strews with wrecks his ocean path,  
Filling the dark and reckless air  
With the unheard groans of wild despair,  
Wrung from lips which the salt foam laves,



Midst the roar of winds and the dash of waves,  
When the God of Battle comes from far,  
And Vultures track his blood stain'd car—  
I am the herald who alarms  
The pomp of war, and the pride of arms,  
But the tombless dead on the battle plain  
Are the noblest trophies of my reign.

C.

**MATERNAL LOVE.**—If there is one human feeling free from the impulses of earthly frailty, that tells us in the slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is that of a mother's love; a mother's chaste, overwhelming and everlasting love for her children.

The name of a mother is our childhood's talisman—our refuge, and our safeguard in all our misery; 'tis the first half formed word that falls from the babbling tongue, the first idea that dawns on the opening mind, the first, the fondest, and the most lasting tie in which affection can bind the heart of man. It is from the beginning the same and unchangeable. It owes not its being to this world, or the things in this world, but it is independent and self-existent; enduring whilst the pulse of life animates the breast that fosters it; and if there be any thing of mortality that survives the grave, surely its best and noblest passion will never perish. Oh! it is a pure and holy emanation of heaven's mercy, implanted in the heart of woman for the dearest and nicest purpose, to be at once her truest and most sacred pleasure, and the safety and blessing of her offspring.

'Tis not a selfish passion, depending for its permanency on the reciprocation of advantages, but on its sincerity. It causeth not itself, and centres but in the happiness of its object; and when the welfare of that object is at stake, it putteth away and knoweth not weariness.—It is not excited by form of feature, but rather, by a happy perversion of perception, imbues all things with an imaginary beauty.

It watches over our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity of a guardian angel; anticipates every childish wish, humors every wayward fancy, soothes every transient sorrow, sings our sweet lullaby to rest, and cradles us on its warm and throbbing breast; and when pain and sickness prey upon the fragile form, what medicine is there like a mother's kisses? what quieting pillow like a mother's bosom? Or when launched into the wide ocean of a tempestuous world, what eye gazes on our adventurous voyage, with all the eagerness of maternal fondness, amid the sad yet not unpleasant contest of hopes and fears, and deep anxieties. When the rugged path of life has been bravely, patiently, and nobly trodden—when prosperity has smiled upon us; when virtue has upheld us amid the world's temptations—virtue which she herself planted in us; and when Fame has bound her laurels round us, is there a heart that throbs with a livelier or more grateful pleasure than a mother's?

#### DINNER IN JAMAICA.

FROM WILLIAMS' TOUR.

"The town or rather village of Bath is embosomed in trees, and surrounded by mountains, which supply it plentifully with water. I was directed to the house of a white lady, who I was told received guests or pensioners, anxious to drink the waters, and entertained them at so much per diem; but, as I was uncertain of my way, and my valet did not know the place, I made several inquiries before I found out the object of my search. A young lady, standing at the door of a rambling old house, seemed to signify by her looks that she guessed I was hunting out this half-and-half sort of tavern; and as her physiognomy invited a nearer approach, I saluted her and asked for Mrs. White. 'She lives here,' was the reply: 'will you dismount and walk in?' The offer was not to be refused. 'Can I dine here?' 'Yes, certainly,'

cried the old woman, hurrying to the piazza; 'come in, sir, I pray, out of the rain.' The rain came down on the shingles, like a shower of marbles or bullets, as I entered this antique and dilapidated mansion, where the first objects that presented themselves to my eyes (after the ladies) were all the crockery of the establishment ranged in rows to catch the water that streamed through the roof. It was a most curious exhibition—cracked and disjointed fragments of one color grafted on stocks of another, some tied round with zones of packthread and red tape, that seemed to have suffered a degradation from more honorable service. The rain fell so fast into these reservoirs, that it caused a splashing all over the room or hall, and I would fain parry it with my umbrella, which I opened and hoisted for the purpose, much to the amusement of Miss, who had the kindness to give me a wash for the red half of my face, while the old lady begged to know what I would have for my dinner. I left the office of catering to her, as she told me I might have any thing I liked; only excepting black puddings, which I told her I disliked—any thing else, no matter what, would content me. 'A fowl, Louisa, I think the gentleman would like—a fowl—oh yes, a fowl and some soup.' 'Pepper pot, any thing in the world, madam.' The old lady went to the opposite side of the hall, where another door opened into a back piazza, and, by some enchantment of corn or eloquence, enticed and caught a cock that had taken shelter there from the rain. This she began twirling round and round by the neck, standing all the while with her back towards me, and singing the 'Blue bells of Scotland,' to drown the cries of the dying chanticleer. Miss had been commissioned, I suppose, to create a diversion of my eyes and ears from the ceremony of this murder, for she placed herself between me and her mother, and offered me an old volume of Roderick Random, in which she called my attention to the plates.

"After waiting the proper time, the soup entered between the sable paws of little Kitty, oozing through the cracks of a white slop basin, all the rest of the dinner-set being in requisition for the rain. It was as black as ink, as black as Kitty, and tasted of nothing but pepper and water. I was obliged to decline it, which I was loth to do, for fear of offending my hostess, and because I expected to see nothing else but poor Alectryon, who I knew must be as tough as a halter from age. He followed, of course, boiled as black as the soup, of which I am afraid he had been the basis, the soul material, and I should have had a banyan day but for half a dozen eggs, that Miss Louisa had the humanity to offer me, and a slice of Dutch cheese as hard as Pharaoh's heart."

#### EFFECT OF SIGHT ON A PERSON BORN BLIND.

The following account of the behaviour of a person born blind, upon receiving his sight at twenty years of age, by the operation of an oculist, is from the American Sentinel.

The operator, Dr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convincing his relatives and friends, that it was highly probable he could remove the object which prevented his sight, all his acquaintances, who had any curiosity to be present, when one full of age and understanding was to receive a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion, but were desired to preserve profound silence in case sight was restored, in order to let his patient make his own observations without the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among many others, the mother, brethren, sister, and a young lady for whom he had formed a particular attachment were present. The operation was performed with great skill, so that sight was instantly produced.

When the patient first received the dawn of

light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder.

The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands.—The patient observed himself, as carefully, and comparing the doctor to himself, he observed both hands were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for part of the doctor's hands. When he had continued in this amazement for several minutes, his mother could not longer bear the agitation of so many passions as thronged upon her, but fell upon his neck, crying out "my son, my son!" The young gentleman knew her voice, and could say no more than "O me, are you my dear mother?" and fainted.—On his recovery, he heard the voice of his female friend, which had a surprising effect upon him. Having called her to him, he appeared to view her with admiration and delight, and asked her what had been done to him! Whither, said he, am I carried? Is all this about me the thing which I have heard so often of? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you were so glad to see each other?—Where is Tom who used to lead me? But methinks I could go now any where without him.

He attempted to walk alone, but seemed terrified. When they saw this difficulty, they told him that till he became better acquainted with his being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy being presented to him, he asked what sort of a creature he took him to be before he had seen him? He answered he believed he was not so large as himself, but that he was the same sort of a creature.

The rumor of this sudden change made all the neighbors throng to see him. And as he saw the crowd gathering, he asked the Doctor how many in all were to be seen? His physician replied, that it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered for a few days, until they should receive strength, or they would lose the power of affording him that wonderful transport he was in. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes covered, in which condition they kept him in a dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its object without any further precaution. After several days it was thought proper to unbind his head, and the young lady to whom he was attached, was instructed to perform this kind office, in order to endear her still more to him by so interesting a circumstance; and that she might moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as her's ever had. When she began to take off the bandage from his eyes, she said, "tell me in what manner that love you have always professed for me, entered into your heart, for its usual admittance is thro' the eyes?"

He answered, "dear Lydia, if by seeing I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love, when she approaches me, but to change the sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I experienced the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides which may take from the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, (which apparition it seems was you,) pull out these eyes before they lead to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wish for them but to see you, pluck them from their sockets, if they are to make me forget you."

Lydia, delighted with these assurances, withdrew the bandage and gave him light to his inexpressible joy and satisfaction.

In all his conversation with her he manifested but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ear.

He that for a virtuous course of life begun, desires to be praised, is like one that eats the fruit of the tree before it is ripe.

## THE YOUNG MOTHER.

"Her little world of happiness is there!" was the exclamation of Henry Howard, while his friend was observing the fondness of the young mother to her infant. "Where else should it be?" replied the friend, "for, in loving it, she manifests her affections for you, her husband; she fastens still stronger the ties of pure chaste esteem around the heart." "Think not," answered Henry, "that I entertain any fears of her infant daughter so absorbing her love, as that she should have little to bestow on others who have an equal right to possess it; I made the remark merely as a proof of my being blessed in seeing her cherish the tender feelings of which her nature is susceptible. Charles, you know not the bliss that I have experienced, and the portion of good that has fallen to my lot, in being united with such a partner as my Caroline." "Indeed," replied Charles, "were I to judge from your animation, and from expressions of joy in your countenance, my decision must be, that you enjoy a supremacy of bliss." "I would not claim a superiority in this respect for myself," answered Henry, "but yet she is all that the most sanguine expectations can desire."

Such was the conversation that passed between Henry Howard and Charles Gorman, the latter of whom was on a visit at the residence of Henry. In former years an intimacy had commenced between them, and was continued and strengthened by their pursuing the same studies at college. When their researches at the seat of science were finished, Henry retired to the enjoyment of a legacy bequeathed by his father, and Charles engaged in mercantile pursuits.—Thus situated, and feeling the loneliness of his case, Henry resolved upon engaging the affections of one who might render his condition more joyous. It was not long before he was introduced to Caroline Bently; a favourable impression was the result of this meeting; esteem grew stronger, attachment succeeded, and finally the tender passion swayed the hearts of both. Henry made known to her parents his situation: his proposals were acceded to by them; and in accordance with their wish, in compliance with his own feelings, and in obedience to the timid assent of Caroline, the vows of constancy and love were signed and sealed at the altar. The solitariness of his residence now gave way to the blithesome notes, and, in the development of the virtues of his partner, his soul was knit still closer to her, and his heart glowed with gratitude to the Providence that had assigned him such a bosom companion. The first pledge of affection increased their mutual love, and all their happiness centered in the little Mary. She had reached that age when infancy is most charming—when a child is most endeared to the beholder. The mother's anxious care and solicitude were displayed in teaching it to sustain its weight upon its little feet; and her joyous pride was great when the child first essayed to walk; then the mother kindly watched her tottering steps and gently rewarded her efforts with a kiss: then the smile deporting over the features of Mary, and the clasping together of the tender hands, in joy unspeakable, as she reached her mother's arms, evinced the pleasure of the child; but when, in artless accents, she lisped the name most dear, the name of mother, thrilling transport seized the parent's heart; her eyes beamed with augmented tenderness—and pressing the infant to her bosom, she imprinted on her laughing cheek a "long sweet kiss," and with delight "from its mouth seemed honey to sip."

It was the sight of Caroline engaged in this delightful occupation, that drew from the lips of her husband the exclamation, "Her little world of happiness is there." And who that ever witnessed a fond mother caressing her

child, did not acknowledge that it was a sight beautiful to behold. Innocence in infancy always captivates. The little Mary grew in strength and height, rejoicing in the pleasures daily afforded and thoughtless of the coming morrow: but soon she was to leave these simple pleasures. Human nature is liable to ills, and the child sickened. Her fine blue eyes, those tender orbs lost their brightness, and paleness overspread the cheek whereon once bloomed the roseate hue of health. The imploring look which the child cast upon its mother—the outstretched arms that begged for relief—the groan, the convulsive sob, filled her with unutterable grief. The deepest solicitude; the noiseless step; the willingness and wish to suffer instead of the infant; the tear that stood trembling in her eye, as she leaned in speechless silent agony over her child; the prayer softly breathed to heaven, those tokens of sincere grief, showed how the mother's heart was riven. Her exertions to save the little sufferer, tho' arduous and long, were unavailing.—Death had marked her for his own.—The child had struggled with pain during the night, and as the first streak of light appeared in the east, she was departing. The sun was rising and his beams shone upon the room in which Caroline sat with the infant pillowed on her lap—a ray of light fell upon the countenance of the dying Mary.—She gently smiled, as if to reward her mother for all her watchfulness. Her care, her love; and her eyes were closed forever. The small rose-bud of beauty was transplanted to a more congenial climate, where it might bloom to eternal freshness, and impart sweet fragrance to the celestial plains. The now bereaved mother—shall I attempt to describe her feelings? Oh! no, her grief is too sacred for intrusion, and none but a mother can tell a mother's grief.

Wrapped in her snow-white shroud, and laid within the coffin, the child was soon to be removed to the narrow tomb. The mother was supported to the side of the coffin. She looked, and the smile on its features was still visible.—She gazed silently upon her—raised her hand to her aching head; and that moment the lid closed, and inclosed the inmate of the narrow dwelling forever from sight. A silent shriek burst from the hitherto silent parent; she seemed for a moment to have awakened to a sense of her grievous condition, but soon relapsed into insensibility. The child was carried to the tomb.

## FOR THE ARIEL.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

"An unloved solitary thing,"  
And destined to the shade,  
What sunny chaplet can I bring  
Around thy brow to braid?

Oh! should my hand the task essay,  
I fear the wreath would be  
Not Flora's gifts to blooming May,  
But leaves from sorrow's tree.

The world is rife with toil and care—  
And e'en where Pleasure shines,  
The fount of tears is open there,  
And there the wretch repines—

He looks around and marks the gloom  
That hangs above his head—  
He turns him to the silent tomb,—  
"How blessed are the dead."

The rose—the lily should be thine  
If I could watch their bloom,  
But can I bear to see them shine  
When all around is gloom?

Yet do not scorn my humble flower—  
For tho' it sombre be,  
It served to wake, in sorrow's hour,  
One cheering thought of thee.

RAYENSWOOD.

## EXTRAORDINARY WOUND.

General Murray was wounded in a singular manner, at the capture of Martinique, in 1760, when captain in the 42d. A musket ball entered his left side, under the lower rib, passed up through the left lobe of the lungs, as was ascertained after his death, crossed his chest, and mounting up to his right shoulder, lodged under the scapula. His case being considered desperate, the only object of the surgeon was to make his situation as easy as possible for the few hours he had to live; but, before he reached England, was quite recovered, or at least his health and appetite were restored. He was never afterwards, however, able to lie down: and during the thirty-two years of his subsequent life, he slept in an upright posture, supported in his bed by pillows. He died in 1792, Lt.-Gen. Col. of the 72d regiment, and representative in parliament for the county of Perth.

CEREMONY.—It is remarked by some writer that excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding. This is true. There is nothing so troublesome as overdone politeness; it is worse than overdone beef steak. A truly well bred man makes every person about him feel at ease; he does not throw civilities about him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle, as he would hay, with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra politeness. When a man has enjoyed a good dinner, it sounds a little like sarcasm to tell him he has eaten nothing. When he has regaled his palate with a slice of fine venison or savory goose, it is an insult to his taste to apologise for having given him a bad dinner. It is as much as to tell him he is no judge of the eatables—that his palate is tasteless and Gothic—that he does not know the difference between turtle soup and soup maigre—between a young partridge and an old hen.

A person in the neighborhood of Truro, finding that a row of wood paling which fenced a field, diminished nightly, resolved on a novel expedient to detect the thief. He broke down a few of them, bored and charged them with gunpowder, and then scattered them on the ground. A few days after, he had the pleasure to hear that a public baker had been surprised by an explosion of gunpowder in his oven, which had shaken it to ruins.

The luxurious habits of modern society are strongly exhibited in the increasing numbers of carriages of all descriptions. Mankind is becoming, every day, less dependent on the locomotive powers that nature gave them. The Ladies desert their houses to live in carriages, like the Scythians of old in their wagons—and the Gentlemen, in imitation of the ancient Lapithæ, are identified with their horses.

It is a singular fact, mentioned by David Hume, in his life of Charles first, that there were not more than twenty hackney coaches in London, at that period. The historian states that they had increased in his day to near 800. And it is calculated that not less than from fourteen to fifteen thousand carriages are maintained in London at the present day. A modern French writer, speaking of the revolutions of Fashion, of which there may be yet found living witnesses, says, that towards the middle of the last century, there were only six or seven hundred private coaches in Paris—but that now there are four thousand. The hacks have been multiplied in the same proportion; their present number is at least two thousand.

The increased use of carriages in the United States, show what successful imitators we are of the luxurious habits of our transatlantic models.



## FOR THE ARIEL.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

SHAKSPEARE.

There is a maxim of which the truth will doubtless be admitted by every physician, viz. That a patient, who would expect to be benefited by any application, must be passive to the direction of him who administers it; and as far as he can have any concern in the cure, he must also be desirous to have it performed.

It unfortunately happens, however, that a great portion of the human family, afflicted with mental or bodily infirmities, are either insensible of their maladies, or they have no desire to sacrifice their sensual gratifications by submitting to the medicine that would restore them to the enjoyment of health.

The most singular case ever attempted or proposed to be wrought, was recorded in the public papers a few months since—"A cure for Drunkenness." And from the serious manner in which the different cases that claimed the attention of Doctor Chambers, are detailed, as well as the minute circumstances respecting the patient's recovery, one would be almost ready to conclude that Intemperance, that deadly bane of human happiness, was now placed completely under the control of the medical faculty! And that no danger can arise to the community from the number of manufactories of Ardent Spirits, or from the unlimited diffusion of it through every section of the country: Nay—the temptation to come under the care of such a physician is so flattering, that one would almost be induced to become a drunkard for the sake of being cured!

It appears from the statement of Doctor C. or some of his friends, that the mode of applying this most extraordinary remedy consists in the infusion of a certain drug, in the liquor usually taken by the patient when drinking for his own gratification; and that the mixture thus produced, excites a certain nausea for the particular kind of drink intended to be rendered disagreeable. But the fact was incautiously exposed, that in one instance in which a distaste for spirits was produced, a fondness for strong beer still continued. It would then appear from this circumstance, reasoning from analogy, that the physician employed would find it necessary (to effect a complete cure) to dose the whole catalogue of spirituous liquors—from gunpowder brandy to the most mild and delicate ladies' cordial! And it is much to be feared, that by the time this arduous task would be performed, the first fluid polluted might begin to acquire its original flavor; and the next in the order for use would probably taste quite pleasant, against its predecessor had thoroughly operated. It must then appear evident from the supposition here made, that the Doctor who had many patients of this description, could scarcely find time to attend to any other practice—for it is presumed relapses would be very frequent, and a doubt at last might be hazarded, whether one inveterate subject would not keep him as busy as a nailor.

This is one of the obvious difficulties attending practice of this description—but there is yet another of a still more serious nature—for as the disease increases, the patient's confidence in his own sanity is generally found to augment in the same proportion; so that by the time the symptoms become strongly marked, the physician will have his patient to catch, and it is ten to one that he will require assistance in administering the medicine. It is not for me to prescribe to the faculty the best mode of doing this—but I would just venture to suggest to the man who would covet extensive practice in this disease, that he should have something like a posse comitatus at command to aid him in cases of difficulty.

But this subject is not of a trivial nature.—

Can any man of sense suppose, that a person habitually addicted to intemperance, would sacrifice the gratification of drinking in this way? Or that it would require greater resolution to abstain from drink altogether, than to imbibe it mixed with some nauseous drug? What is the reason he is unwilling to relinquish the practice at any period? Is it because he is not a free agent? or has he placed his power of willing in the breast of another? No: he is still an accountable being. He has the power of choice as completely as ever in his hands; but over this freedom a tremendous influence is exercised—"for the bowl of intoxication is of such qualities as to make him lose all regard but for the present moment." If neither a man's reputation—all the endearments and ties of domestic life: If not even the love of existence itself can prompt him to cast away the intoxicating beverage from his lips, when his depraved appetite demands it, we may confidently presume that the "disease is beyond the Doctor's practice." It becomes emphatically a disease of the mind, and he who has unfortunately become afflicted with it, can have little hope in depending on human skill for relief; for the mind, degraded by the habit of intemperance, can be restored to its pristine purity and vigor by that power alone which first called it into existence.

Listen then to the warning of one who has seen and who knows the danger of becoming enthralled by this overwhelming habit. In abstinence alone there is safety. X.

## THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

The following is extracted from the manuscript Journal of a Sailor, who served on board his Majesty's frigate *Crescent*, but died lately at Ravenna:

We had cruized for six days off Cape Formosa, and death had begun his ravages. A sickly languor prevailed among our men—their usual lightness of heart and vivacity seemed to have fled them; they sat in groups on the fore-castle, smoking in silence, or listening to the narrative of deaths on board of other vessels, which had been on the same station. We endeavored to divert their melancholy by different amusements, but it would not do; the number of our sick list was increasing, and the low muttered enquiries after the dying, were always accompanied by an involuntary shudder. We committed, in one night, two to the waves; but as they had been ill ever since we had left Ascension, we paid not so much attention. The gun-room had always been healthy, but on the Sabbath morning, (it was our first Sabbath on the coast of Africa) poor Bury complained of headache and dizziness—his fair face had already turned sallow; and when he expressed his determination of retiring to his hammock, there was a settled gloom on every countenance. I remember, as the event of yesterday, when he came on board at Portsmouth. He had just completed his eighteenth year—his heart was light and his hopes were high; and when he stepped on the quarter deck in his uniform, I am sure there was not a finer fellow in all his Majesty's service. How affectionately his aged father bade him farewell—the tears stood in the old man's eyes, as he said 'James, I know that you will not forget your duty to man, forget not your duty to God.' They will never meet! I went to ask him how he felt, but he knew me not; his eyes were wild; his reason was eclipsed; the sun was setting, and the night had a most ominous appearance. I went to see him again, but his eyes were closed—the struggle was over—his spirit had fled to God, who gave it! Few preparations can be made for a funeral on board of a ship. The bell tolled—and there was not a sailor who was not on deck, save those who heard the sound as the warning that the same bell would soon toll to assemble their comrades to

commit to the seas their remains. The night was dark and lowering; yet the lightning, which flashed vividly across the vessel, showed every object most clearly; a paleness and stillness was seated on the faces of the crew, and many a wistful look was cast towards the gang-way, in mournful anticipation of the corpse—"I am the resurrection and the life!"—There was a thrill went through every heart as these words were uttered; a shuddering hysterical sort of sigh was the response. Inclosed in his hammock, his corpse was laid on the grating. The thunder burst loud over our heads, yet seemed as if it had not been heard. The service proceeded—I heard a splash in the waters!—I could contain myself no longer—I rushed into the gun-room. There is a moment when this world seems little, and its joys transitory baubles; there is a moment when the soul feels itself affianced to objects more sublime than nature can afford; there is a moment when all the treasured sophistry of the past life, and all the infidel cavillings which have hampered our energies, vanish like the cobwebs before the breath of the wind, and the soul asserts its claim to a nobler sphere; and that moment is when we retire from the world and follow a dear departed friend—not to the untrodden floor of the ocean—not to the darkness of the grave—but whither? ay, to the glories of Heaven! And the heart beats highest, yet soundest, when we feel assured, that, ransomed by a Saviour's blood, 'he walks in white robes, and celebrates, in never-dying strains, the praises of his Redeemer, God.'

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1827.

NEW PERIODICALS.—When COOPER, the popular American novelist, first came before the public with his *Spy* and *Pioneers*, so brilliant was the reputation which those works acquired, and so productive were they found to be, that a multitude of literary competitors immediately presented themselves, ready, and apparently determined to dispute his claim to public favor. The press, in many of the Atlantic towns, groaned with the weight of works by stripling novel-writers, and even the presses beyond the Alleghanies, contributed to swell the torrent of fiction which seemed to threaten the public with an inundation. Time, however, and public opinion, the true tests of merit, have already decided which, of this crowd of authors, deserves a reputation even approaching to that of their gifted model. But few of them, as authors, have lived beyond the moment that gave birth to their productions, and the indifference which the public manifested towards their first efforts, held out no encouragement for a second. Hence most of them have retreated to their literary hiding places, contenting themselves with believing the world unable to appreciate a good thing, and by sneering at those whose superior talents entitled them to public favor.

A mania, nearly similar, is now afflicting the public, in the astonishing increase of literary periodicals. Newspapers, those "folios of four pages," are changing their appearance, throwing off the vulgar look of an advertiser, and coming out boldly in quarto, capped with some fanciful wood-cut—a process by which they think themselves entitled to the appellation of "literary." Monthly, semi-monthly, and weekly publications, (some of them weakly in every sense of the word) are springing up with appalling rapidity. That they all can be supported is our greatest wonder. But the public taste has improved, and the number of readers is yearly increasing in an astonishing degree. The mind is rapidly progressing in its glorious march. The very wildernesses of America seem to be nurseries of learning, for they teem with publications of every description. A quarterly Review has been established at Cincinnati, with a solid prospect of a long and useful career.

These reflections have been occasioned by looking over the large number of literary works which daily make their appearance on our table, some peering out from the very woods, and others starting up at our elbow. The *Standard*, issued at Albany, has reached us; and the *Amaranth*, from Pittsburgh, that town of smoke and manufactures. Both are heartily got up, and do ample credit to their projectors. May they live long and usefully.

The question, so important to all literary adventurers, remains yet to be proven, whether these new works possess sufficient merit to succeed. The public is a testy and capricious judge; one, too, that seldom judges wrong—Junius said it *never* was wrong. We fear, that, like the crowd whom Cooper drew after him, many of these will fail; yet we hope not.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are at all times glad to receive well written essays, and original communications on all subjects connected with general literature, poetry, &c. but at the same time reserve the privilege of deciding on the merit of such as may be offered. Because a communication is original, and written for the *Ariel*, its publication must not be expected as a necessary consequence. Something more than mere originality is requisite. It is too much the fashion of the present day to estimate a work in proportion to the amount of original matter that it may contain, no matter how tame, and trifling, and insipid it may be. The Editor of the *Ariel* believes that a judicious selection from the current literature of the day, together with a portion of original contributions, is as well calculated to render the work agreeable and valuable, as a periodical deluge of vapid originality. In drawing a line of this kind, and in pursuing such a course, the editor is frequently obliged to reject communications even from his friends, rather than sacrifice his judgment to his personal friendships: and though painful, it is necessary.

Several articles are on file for our next—among which are *SYLVIA*, and a second *LETTER FROM THE WEST*.

Our friends who desire to become subscribers to the *Ariel*, and who have declined because they feared we were unable to furnish them with the numbers from the beginning, are informed that we are yet able to supply complete sets of the work whenever ordered.

The specimen numbers of the *Ariel*, so often written for from a distance, are all disposed of. It is therefore out of our power to send them when requested.

#### THINGS IN GENERAL.

The *Macon (Geo.) Telegraph* says, a machine has been invented for making Lee's pills by steam, by means of which five pecks can be manufactured in a minute.

Judge Ruffin, of North-Carolina, has decided, on a late trial, that a man has a right to whip his wife moderately, and a Judge in Upper Canada has recently made a similar decision.—This is the common law!—the wife is to "love, honor, and obey,"—and be flogged, if she has a husband unmanly and brutal enough to do it.

**HEAVY PUNISHMENT.**—Mr. Grammar was sentenced to pay a fine of 1000 dollars, and keep the peace for six months, for "abusing" his wife. He must take care, in future, how he conjugates his verbs.

The *Saturday Evening Post* has the following:—An important Medical discovery will soon be brought to notice—it consists in a new remedy to prevent the formation of Consumption in those predisposed, and to cure it, when formed, in nine cases out of ten. We are informed that it is as effectual as the lately discovered remedy against intemperance, and consists of two different articles to be used together, one to be taken in the stomach, in the pala-

table shape of chocolate, syrup, or milk, and the other to be inhaled in the lungs as a sweet and fragrant perfume.

**REASONABLE INDULGENCE.**—In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that "if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be put upon by his sister, and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea!"

**A NICE DISTINCTION.**—Mrs. Graham was recently tried in Maryland, on a charge of being a "common scold." The evidence brought against the lady was sufficient to satisfy the jury that she was an uncommon scold, and they acquitted her.

**FIRE.**—A western paper mentions that the blacksmith shop of Mr. Isaac Crow was burnt. All of the tools were saved but the bellows, which, having blown the coals so of often, met with a deserved fate.

The *Mercer, "Western Paper"* says, "the Printer wants Grain, Pork, Tallow, Candles, Whiskey, Linen, Beeswax, Wool, and any thing else that he can eat."

The mail coming west on the Ridge Road, was discovered on Wednesday last, about two miles west of Clarkson, to be on fire. A case of a difficult nature presented itself: one for which the Postmaster General had provided no remedy. The driver dare not break it open and extinguish the fire. In this dilemma he seized the bag, conveyed it to a neighboring pump, and filled it with water. The contents sustained but little damage.

A Mrs. Gander lately committed suicide.—The southern papers call her an old goose.—They are more than half right.

Lorenzo Dow arrived at Tuscumbia, Alabama, on the 20th ultimo; and lost no time in giving notice that he would preach the following day, that he had certain religious tracts for sale, and also an extensive stock of Dow's family medicine.

A man was lately summoned before a magistrate in London charged with a species of crime hitherto unknown, viz. selling his wife to another man for ten guineas, and then passing another man's wife on the purchaser instead of his own.

Napoleon, says a London paper, in the zenith of his glory, had his stockings darned, and even grafted. We have in our possession his tailor's and boot-maker's bills. There are charges for new cuffs and collars, and for soling and heel-ing his boots.

**A WONDERFUL WIFE.**—Upon the south wall of Stratham church there is a monument with the following inscription: "Elizabeth, wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married forty-seven years, and never did one thing to displease her husband."

At a late Insolvent Debtor's Court, in England, a woman upwards of seventy years of age, was brought up to be discharged on her petition. It appeared that she had been detained in prison five years, for the costs of an action of ejectment, brought by Sir M. M. Lopez, and that she owed no other debt. She was discharged.

A late Dublin paper says, that immediately after the arrival of the intelligence of the defeat of the Catholic question in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket ball cartridges to the different garrisons throughout the country. Commenting upon this very extraordinary statement, the *London Times* feelingly exclaims, "Here then is the commentary upon that text which the Orangemen have delivered to parliament for the guidance of their policy towards the Irish nation. Men demand their rights, and the answer is five millions of leaden bullets."

Almost a ball cartridge a piece for the poor Catholics of Ireland! God help them!"

The Mareschal d'Etrees, at the advanced age of 103, heard of the death of the Duc de Tresme, who was only 93. "I am sorry to hear it," said he, "he was always sickly when a boy. I was always certain he would never live to grow old."

In an English provincial paper is announced the marriage of Mr. Crow to Miss Rooke.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Carter's Letters are shortly to be published in two volumes octavo. A considerable number of them have been published in the *New-York Statesman*. Those already published have been widely circulated and much read. Many of them, however, are more interesting to the connoisseur and the classic scholar than to the mass of readers.

A new Comedy, by the author of *Athens*, is very nearly ready for publication.

A Life of the eminent Dr. Jenner is in preparation by Dr. Baron, who attended him in his last moments, and received all his papers, to enable him to become his biographer.

The first number of Brockendon's Illustration of the Passes of the Alps, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland and Germany, from Drawings made during the five Summers from 1821 to 1826, is nearly ready.—We believe that this able artist has literally crossed the Alps forty times, in pursuit of this object. He maintains, that the pass of the Little Saint Bernard was undoubtedly the route of Hannibal.

De Vere, by the author of *Tremaine*, will be published in the course of the present month. The second title of this work is "The Man of Independence," by way, we imagine, of companionship to "The Man of Refinement," in the former production.

The extraordinary Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Postoja and Prato, will speedily appear. This work is, in a great measure, the result of certain inquiries, undertaken by de Ricci, into the abuses of Conventual life in Italy. Many particulars of the most startling kind, are said to be brought to light.

Dibdin's Autobiography, which has been delayed on account of the portrait, will appear in a few days.

The new Novel, called *George Godfrey*, is in a state of forwardness.

A Tale, to be entitled the *Lettre de Cachet*, is announced.

Adventures of a Sparrow, by the author of *Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master*, and of the forthcoming volume of *Keeper at Home*, are in the press.

The first number of a work, to be entitled *The Quarterly Juvenile Review; or a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selections of new publications*, is in the press, and will appear in the course of the present month.

Scott's new novel, *Chronicles of the Cannon-gate*, will not be published before October.—Horace Smith, author of *Brambleyte House*, has a new novel in press.

#### FOR THE ARIEL.

Lines on seeing a young Lady whose reason was much impaired.

On! where has fled bright reason's star,  
So soon in thy young day,  
Oh far she fled from thee, when fair,  
When lovely, young and gay.

When beauty's vot'ries flock'd around thee,  
And youth was on thy brow;  
But oh! what is it I have found thee,  
Alas! what art thou now?



Scarce sixteen summers had pass'd o'er thee,  
Life's pleasures were in view,  
Its slippery path was spread before thee,  
Thy many friends were true.

In one short day the change appear'd,  
No more wast thou the same,  
Not like the plant thy parent rear'd,  
So careful of its frame.

Gone was the charm that hung so bright  
Around thy hazel eye—  
No more it flash'd its wonted light,  
To lov'd ones that were by.

Dishevel'd were thy tresses dark,  
That grac'd thy temples fair;  
Gone, gone indeed, was reason's spark,  
And gone was every care.

For now no care can e'er molest  
Thy lone, lorn, isolated breast.

A.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## KNOW YE THE LAND?

Know ye the land on whose wood-covered mountain  
All nature in grandeur and glory is seen?

Where the song of the wood-thrush is heard by the  
fountain,

And wild-roses bloom on the emerald green?  
Know ye the land where the forests of pine  
Spread darkly their shade to the sunbeams that  
shine—

Where the Cataract's waves thro' the wild woods  
resound,

And the prairie in brightness and beauty is found—  
Whose streams are most mighty that roll to the  
main—

Whose woods are the deepest that wave on the  
plain,

And grandest the lake on its bosom that lies,  
And highest the hills that above them arise—  
Where rudest the rocks that hang over the shore,  
And deepest the cave by the wild water's roar—  
Where the wonders of art as by magic appear,  
And give a new charm to the wilderness here—  
Where the city and village are seen in its shade,  
And the ploughman is found in the grass-covered  
glade?

'Tis the land of the west—o'er Atlantic's dark  
wave—

The home of the free—and the clime of the brave.  
SYLVIA.

## LOVE IN TURCOMANIA.

"The women of the Turcomans, who are in general fair, ruddy, and handsome, neither disfigure themselves by blue stains, nor veil themselves, after the manner of the Arabs. The jealousy of the men regarding their honor is, however, still stronger. Mr. Maseyk, who, it should be added, is a Dutch merchant of the highest respectability, and has resided at Aleppo for forty years, and made journeys through every part of the surrounding country, told me an instance in proof of this, which I should scarcely have believed, if I had not heard it from his own mouth.

"Two young persons of the same tribe loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage; their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened one evening that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents; they stopped a moment to speak to each other, and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl, perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and, when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs!

"The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to ena-

ble him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honor, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, "what, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;" and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened immediate death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and after a series of kind attentions slowly recovered.

"During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, 'No! No! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that we have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love.'—This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children.

"So romantic a tale of love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity and heroism, would have been incredible, were it not that all the parties were known to Mr. Maseyk, who related it; that he did so in the presence of many other persons born in Aleppo, and acquainted by report with the fact; and that the veracity of the narrator may be regarded as unquestionable."

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## CONTEMPORARY FEMALE GENIUS.

At no period of our history has Female genius triumphed more than in our own days. At the present time there are living not less than twenty-four ladies of pre-eminent talents as writers in various departments of literature and philosophy, whose names deserve to be specially enumerated, and whose several works and superior pretensions deserve to be treated at large in your pages. For the present, I shall name them as they occur to my mind, and not presume to class them in the order of merit. These brief notices justify me, however, in calling the attention of writers of greater power to the subject.

Mrs. Barbauld, distinguished during 50 years by her elegant productions in verse and prose.

Mrs. Hannah More, for nearly an equal period, by various moral and controversial writings; not inferior for style and energy of mind to any thing produced by the other sex.

Mrs. Radcliffe, as a novelist, may be ranked among the first geniuses of the age and country.

Miss Edgeworth, a distinguished writer of novels, moral compositions, and works on education.

Miss Cullen, the amiable and ingenious authoress of *Mornton*, and *Home*; novels distinguished for their benevolent sentiments and spirited composition, honorable alike to her heart and head.

Mrs. Opie, whose various works in verse and prose, are distinguished for their originality, ingenuity, good taste and elegant composition.

Mrs. Inchbald, as a dramatist and novelist, has produced various works which will ever rank high among the classics of our language.

Miss Hutton, respectable as a novelist, powerful as a general writer, and able as a philosophical geographer, as proved by her recent work on Africa.

Miss Williams, though long resident in Paris, may be claimed as an English woman, and is an honor to the genius of her countrywomen, in history, politics, eloquence, and poetry.

Mrs. Cappe, a lady whose strength of understanding and powers of diction have led her to grapple with subjects of the highest order, and she has published several works in theology, education, and biography.

Miss Porter, a novelist of the first rank in the powers of eloquent composition, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and other works, will long be standards in the language.

Miss Benger, who figures with equal distinction as a novelist, historian, and critic.

Mrs. Grant, who has distinguished herself in morals, philosophy, and the belle lettres.

Mrs. Marcet, who has proved her powers of mind in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, &c.

Mrs. Lowry, who writes and lectures with great ability on mineralogy and geology.

Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan) whose powers of eloquent writing, and moral and political reasoning, are not surpassed by any author of her time.

Mrs. Wakefield, compiler of many useful and ingenious works for the use of children and schools.

Mrs. Ibbetson, whose discoveries with the microscope on the Physiology of Plants ranks her high among experimental philosophers.

Miss Herschell, whose ingenuity and industry in astronomical observation, have obtained her a splendid reputation throughout the civilized world.

Miss Aikin, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, who soaring above productions of mere taste and fancy, has in her *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, proved her powers in history and philosophy.

Mrs. Graham, the able writer of several volumes and travels, which are distinguished for their sound philosophy and enlightened views of society.

M. D'Arblay, (Miss Burney) whose *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and other novels, place her among the first and most original writers of any age.

Miss Baillie, whose *Plays on the Passions* and other productions, are highly esteemed by every person of good taste.

Besides others of less celebrity, but perhaps equal merit, whose names are not present to the recollection of the writer.

Few persons, till they behold this enumeration, will have suspected that our own days could boast such a galaxy of genius in the fair sex; and it may also be questioned whether the other sex can produce a list in many respects of superior pretensions. June, 1814.

## TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

I pray thee by thy mother's face,  
And by her look and by her eye,  
By every decent matron grace  
That hover'd round the resting place  
Where thy young head did lie;  
And by the voice that sooth'd thine ear,  
The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear  
That match'd thy changeful mood;  
By every prayer thy mother taught—  
By every blessing that she sought,  
I pray thee to be good.

Is not the nestling, when it wakes  
Its eyes upon the woods around,  
And on its new fledg'd pinions takes  
It tastes of leaves and boughs and brakes—  
Of motion, sight and sound,  
Is it not like the parent? Then  
Be like thy mother, child, and when  
Thy wing is bold and strong,  
As pure and steady be thy light—  
As high and heavenly be thy flight—  
As holy be thy song.

**MARGERY GRAY,  
OR THE WITCH UNMASKED.**

Why stands that old cottage so lonely and drear,  
That it fills the beholder with gloom and affright?  
And what is the reason that none can go near  
The door of that hut without shiv'ring at night?  
To see the old woman that lives there alone,  
One would think she could hardly do any great  
harm;  
Why her body is shrivell'd to mere skin and bone,  
And scarcely more thick than a broomstick her  
arm.  
The cottage is small, but sufficient to hold  
A fire-place, a table, a dresser and bed;  
The cracks, fill'd with mud, admit scarce any cold,  
And a few cedar slabs stop the leaks over head.  
And 'tis well 'tis so tight, for now not a tool  
Would be handed by any to mend her abode;  
And tho' by the door is the best way to school,  
The master and children all go the high road.  
Yet once they delighted to travel that way,  
And would beg for permission, whene'er they  
went by,  
To take something good to old Margery Gray—  
A few links of sausage, or piece of mince-pye.  
She gathers old stumps in the summer for fuel,  
And no one has stopp'd her as yet, as I've heard;  
Indeed to prevent her were foolishly cruel,  
For every one wishes her fields to be cleared.  
Time was she had pine-knots to last her all winter,  
They served her to spin and to knit by at night,  
But now not a creature would bring her a splinter  
If they knew she was dying for want of a light.  
There's not the least shelter, as any can tell,  
To keep from the window the snow and the hail;  
And even the peach-tree, that gr w near the well,  
Is dead, and its wither'd limbs sigh in the gale.  
It is true that to fence the poor cow from the wea-  
ther,

She took out her hatchet one bitter cold day,  
And cut some pine bushes and pull'd them together,  
By the side of her little coarse bundle of hay.  
Her fence by the wind and by time is o'erthrown,  
Indeed there is hardly a rail in the place;  
And the garden, with mullens and nettles o'er-  
grown,  
Looks all dull and as cheerless as Margery's face.  
But it didn't look thus in the days of her prime,  
The fence was in order, the garden was neat,  
She had chamomile, lavender, hyssop and thyme,  
And more sage than she wanted to season her  
meat—

And she dried a good deal, and the neighbors around  
Would send to her cottage, if any were ill  
She was skill'd in the nature of herbs, and they found  
She gave her assistance with hearty good will.  
It was own'd by the people that happen'd to pass,  
That her room was as cleanly as cleanly could be;  
You might put on your cap by her pewter and brass,  
And her bed was as decent as most that you'll see.  
But her present condition no mortal can tell,  
For none are so simple to darken her door;  
No, no! all the neighbors remember too well  
The horrible tale of the blood on the floor.  
It was midnight, and cold did the bitter wind blow,  
And drove in fierce eddies the snow and the hail,  
When a stranger to Margery's cottage came slow,  
Like a ghost he seem'd troubled and silent and  
pale;

Long beat by the tempest, so chill'd and so tired  
That his feet and his fingers he hardly could use;  
To warm them a little was all he desired,  
So trifling a favor could any refuse?  
The air was so piercing that people that night  
In the tightest of houses could scarcely keep warm,  
And the neighbors came over as soon as 'twas light,  
To enquire how old Margery fared in the storm.  
But how did astonishment bristle their hair  
When blood they saw sprinkled profusely around;  
The legs of a stranger all mangled were there,  
But the rest of his body was not to be found.  
The blood of the stranger was every where thrown,  
On the hearth, on the floor, on the table it lay;  
And to every one there it was very well known  
Not a creature was with him but Margery Gray.  
And none could imagine the man would admire

(If left to pursue what appear'd to him right)  
The notion of leaving his legs by the fire,  
And travelling on stumps such a terrible night.  
'Till that day of horror, old Margery never  
Was known to discover a relish for sin;  
But now she is hatching some mischief forever  
( 'Tis so hard to give over when once we begin.)  
She meazles the swine, she pesters the cattle,  
She fly-blows the meat, and the harvest she blights;  
In the midst of a tempest at windows she'll rattle,  
And keeps her sick neighbors from sleeping at  
night.

Thus from gossip to gossip the story goes round,  
And the list of her crimes is enlarg'd ev'ry day;  
But the best of the bunch may be glad if they're found  
As clear of all evil as Margery Gray.

The stranger who stray'd to her humble abode,  
Had a friend who came with him a part of the way,  
But the cold was so pinching he froze on the road,  
His bones by the side of the laurel-bush lay.

Now the boots he had on were too good to be lost,  
But to get them was far from a matter of ease,  
For the leather was stiffen'd to bone by the frost,  
So he took off the legs of his friend by the knees.

In Margery's cottage the business of thawing  
The leather and legs did the stranger begin,  
While Margery slumber'd, and after much drawing  
Succeeded in getting the legs from within.

This object obtain'd, he would carry no further  
An useless incumbrance, but left them to raise  
Doubt, fear and suspicion of witch-craft and murder,  
And embitter the remnant of Margery's days.

Ye travellers all! when about to do aught  
That may multiply woe where you happen to stay,  
Make a pause and bestow, I beseech you, a thought  
On the legs that were left with old Margery Gray.

**HUMOROUS.**

Prithee, Poins, lend me thy hand  
To laugh a little.

"One thing is clear," says an Irish print, "that  
all things are in the dark at present."

**PLEBIAN PLEASANTRY.**—An Abbe, who was  
very fat, coming late in the evening to a forti-  
fied city, and meeting with a countryman, asked  
him if he could get in at the gate; "I believe so,"  
said the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I  
saw a wagon load of hay go in there this morn-  
ing."

**INGENIOUS DEFENCE.**—At the late Limer-  
ick Assizes, a man by the name of Patrick Ma-  
graph was tried for stealing the great coat of the  
prosecutor. After this fact had been proved, the  
learned judge called on him for his defence,  
when the prisoner addressed the court: "My  
Lord, he saw what a bad state I was in for clothes,  
being almost naked, and he said, 'I would ad-  
vise you, Pat, the first coat or blanket you get,  
to throw it over your shoulders.'" I did so, my  
Lord, and now he is prosecuting me for follow-  
ing his own bad advice; and this is my defence,  
please your Reverence's Worship." The court  
was convulsed with laughter.

**AN IRISHMAN'S CONSOLATION TO THE TIRED TRAVELLER**

An Englishman, fainting and tired,  
At a cabin which stood by the way,  
Of Pat for the next town enquired  
At the close of a wearisome day.

"In four miles you shall meet with Fermoy."  
—"Four miles of such roads have I yet?"

"Why, the roads are not illigant, Joy,  
But och! what good measure you get!"

**VARIETY.**

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

**POMP.**—Pomp is so much the seducing notion  
of a Neapolitan, that if he cannot hire a boy to  
walk after his wife to church, he will put on his  
sword and follow her himself, to give her an air of  
grandeur. An Englishman would rob on the  
highway, or sell himself a slave, with as much  
good will as follow his wife to church in that  
manner.

**FEMALES IN ITALY.**—Mr. Carter, in one of  
his last letters, makes the following observation  
upon the condition of females in Italy: "The  
country was all in bloom, and the flowery plains  
exhibited a gaiety of landscape, which can hard-  
ly be conceived in less sunny climes. But the  
inhabitants are miserable, and know not how to  
appreciate or improve the munificence of nature.  
We actually saw females harnessed like cattle to  
the plough, and dragged it through the light  
soil, while a man was lounging in the furrow,  
guiding the share! Woman, poor woman, is here  
emphatically degraded into the drudge of life,  
and it makes the heart bleed to witness the bur-  
dens she is often compelled to bear. There is  
no affectation or sentimentality in this. It is a  
plain downright matter of fact, which stares the  
traveller in the face, at every step of his pro-  
gress through Italy."

**A GOOSE'S REASON.**

"A goose (my grannum one day said)  
Entering a barn, pops down its head!"  
I beg'd her then the cause to shew:  
She told me "she must waive the task,  
Since no one but a goose would ask  
What no one but a goose could know!"

A traveller on horseback meeting an Irish  
spalpeen, asked him, "Am I half way to  
town?" "Plase yer wurchip," said the boy,  
"Do I know where you come from?"

**CONSOLATION.**

Approaching death alone is pain,  
In leaving life the pang is o'er,  
Why then at death so much complain,  
If after death, we grieve no more.

**AN USURER.**—He loves no labor, but a se-  
dentary life; the pen is his plough, parchment  
is his field—ink is his seed—time is the rain to  
ripen his greedy d-sires; his sickle is calling in  
of forfeitures—his house the barn where he win-  
nows the fortunes of his clients. He follows  
his debtors as Eagles and Vultures do armies—  
to prey upon the dead corpse.

**TRUE WELSH EPITAPH—ON A WIFE.**

"This spot is the sweetest, I have seen all my life,  
It raises my flowers, and covers my wife."

**ON A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.**

"I care not what flowers rise over the Elf,  
Provided the drunkard will not rise himself."

**ON A BAKER—BY HIS WIFE.**

With balm I have scatter'd the spot where he lies,  
But I hope to the Lord, it won't make his crust rise;  
I'll flower his grave, but, I'll not do as he did,  
For I beg to assure him, his dough is not needed.

**UPON THE BRAVE.**

Here view great Parker's shrine,  
The gallant Parker's grave;  
Mars spares the Coward mind,  
But cannot spare the brave.

**ON ONE CAPTAIN JONES.**

"Tread softly, Mortals, o'er the bones  
Of the World's Wonder—Captain Jones—  
Who told his glorious deeds to many,  
But never was believed by any—  
Posterity, let this suffice,  
He swore all's true—yet here he lies.

**SOME CONSOLATION.**

Here lies my wife, but let me not repine,  
'Tis very good for her repose and mine.

Our brother Editors who have been polite enough  
to exchange with us, will confer an essential favor  
by giving the following notice one or two insertions.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

The repeated instances of imposition which the  
Editor of the ARIEL has suffered in being obliged  
to pay the postage of very many letters containing  
orders for the ARIEL, compels him to state, that in  
future no letters will be acknowledged which are  
not post paid. In several instances, where a dollar  
note was remitted, the postage, amounting to twenty-  
five, thirty seven, and even forty-two cents, was  
unpaid. No orders will be attended to without this  
necessary requisition being complied with. The  
very low price at which this paper is issued, ren-  
ders such a course necessary, in order to make it  
even moderately profitable.